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The Amaranth.

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[THE excellence and variety so spontaneously displayed in this splendid book, entitle it to rank among the most brilliant of our Annuals. The names of the most popular writers are among its contributors. The following is Mr. John Poole's description of Margate.]

Margate is a town, supposed by the more cultivated among the cockneys to be still on the Kentish coast; and this is nearly the only fact relating to its whereabouts which can be asserted with any degree of certainty. The changes which the last twenty years have effected in the relations of time and space, have created a confusion in the geographical notions of the citizens, touching this their paradise, out of which they have not yet had time to emerge into any thing like a clear and definite conception of its bearing and distance from Capel Court. Twenty years ago, the distance of Margate from London by land was about seventy-two miles:—what it actually is very few people know;—what it may be twenty years hence nobody can possibly tell. The accuracy of the past distance which I have attributed to the place, could have been attested by ninety-nine out of every hundred travellers who then visited it,—their own evidence being corroborated by that of six dozen of as respectable mile-stones as any in all England, each and all of unimpeachable veracity. Of its present distance, it is impossible to speak with the decision befitting the importance of the subject; since, upon the most minute, as well as extensive researches, which I have been enabled to make, I have not heard of one person, in his or her right senses, who has lately made an over-land trip to Margate. Such an event, indeed, is not within the memory of the oldest pot-house on the road; and, although I have been told that the driver and guard of the royal mail, (the only two individuals who are even suspected of going that way,) might say something to the point, it is still far from improbable that they perform part of their journey by the Great Western, or the London and Birmingham, or some other of the numerous railways.—all of which profess to carry you, by the shortest cut, to any where, and every where, you may desire to be carried to. For the future distance of the place, still less can be said even than for its present; that is a secret which is concealed within the

bosoms of time and the railroad projectors: and, reduced by the patriotic rivalry of the latter, it may, in the course of next summer, be only fifty miles—or thirty—or ten—or, in short, (such are the wonderful feats which the joint powers of iron and hot water are capable of performing), no distance at all! By water (*Cocknice*, sea) the distance, both past and present, from London to Margate, may be calculated with a nearer approach towards accuracy. Let us take for the basis of our calculation the chart, which gives us eighty miles,—taking for granted, at the same time, eighty miles to have been the old distance; and since, according to the travelling interpretation of the term 'distance,' it is taken to mean 'time,' and the average difference of time consumed upon the voyage, by the old system of canvass and the new system of scalding water, being as about four to one, Margate may now be said to count no more than twenty miles from the metropolis! My own first sea-trip to the place in question, which was performed in a thing called a hoy (a sort of Billingsgate slaver, licensed to carry as many as its inhuman commander might choose to cram into it,) endured for seven-and-thirty mortal hours; and, but for some lucky change in the wind, was expected to last through seven-and-thirty more:—my last, in a steamer, was accomplished in about six hours and a half! 'We are late to-day,' said some one to the captain, as we touched the jetty. 'Why, sir,' replied the captain, in a tone of exculpation, 'you know wind and tide were dead against us for the greater part of the way' (!) I thought of my Billingsgate slave-ship, and wished the unconscionable complainant—did I wish him worse than he deserved?—on board of her for seven-and-thirty hours. The manufactures of Margate consist chiefly of eau de Cologne, French pomatums, and French perfumery in general. French artificial flowers, and the lighter articles of French millinery, from Paris, are also made here in great abundance. But Margate does not aspire to the making of French watches and clocks, or of French jewels and trinkets; these are the produce of Birmingham and Sheffield. Its French work-boxes, dressing-cases, and toys, again, it derives from Tunbridge; whilst Worcester has the honour of supplying it with all its French porcelain, especially the best specimens from the Sèvres manufactory. Neither, I believe, are the real Havannah cigars made in the town,—at

least there are no large plantations of cabbage within a convenient distance of it. All these articles are purchased in great quantities, by the visitors from the metropolis; and if they can but be procured 'duty free,' at the *dépot*, authorised by the commissioners of her majesty's customs to sell smuggled goods, seized and confiscated, they are carried off with an avidity which is truly astonishing. The commerce of Margate is comprised under the preceding head; and I am not aware that the place is remarkable for its natural productions—if we except shrimps, cockle-shells, bathing-women, and a few other marine curiosities. Of the population of Margate it is difficult, if not impossible, to form any idea. My own settled opinion is that, of population, properly so called—that is to say, a number of persons who dwell in a given place, from year's end to year's end—it has none at all! It is true that, if you visited Margate, ten years ago, or five—last year or this—you may always have read certain names over certain doors; as, for instance,—Snackett and Shackett, Shummery and Dummery, Twitchener and Switchener, Munns and Hunns, and others; which would seem to give a sort of local identity to their possessors. This, however, proves nothing in favour of a settled and established population, and I make this assertion advisedly. It happened to me, a few years ago, on Christmas-day, to be shipwrecked at Rams-gate. The next day, prompted by curiosity to see how Margate looked in the winter, I paid the place a visit. Did you ever chance to go through Tunbridge Wells at the same season? The one old woman you may have seen creeping along the Pantiles, every one of its shops being shut; the one man ringing the bell at the closed doors of the 'Sussex,' which, after a delay of five minutes, are opened to him by a waiter, grown fat from compulsory idleness; the other one man pacing up and down outside the 'Kent,' waiting for the arrival of the coach, which passes through now only twice a-week,—these are a crowd, a crush—this is gaiety running even into riot, compared with what Margate presented. All was closed! not a living creature was to be seen! not a sound was to be heard, save the melancholy echo of my own footsteps as I paced the desolate streets. Had I chosen to run away with the town—pier and all—I might have done so; for not even a town-keeper was left in charge of it to say me nay. Yet there were the same names,—the Dummerys and the Shummerys, the Shacketts and the Snacketts,—but no apparent proprietors of them. What then could have been done with them? I lately took the liberty of putting that question to one of the natives; but the answer I received from him convinced me that it is a sore subject with them. All he replied was—'Stuff, sir!' Being thus driven to my

own resources for a solution of the difficulty, I will state it as my belief that, at the termination of one season, the resident population are all packed up, and carefully put away somewhere, till the commencement of another. But the accidental population of Margate (the visitors), at the height of the season, must be utterly incalculable. This opinion is grounded upon the fact that, of children alone, of which about one-third are babies in arms, it would require, if not defy, the powers of Babbage's calculating-machine to state the number. Oh, Herod!—it may be doubted whether so many are to be seen together on any other spot of the whole habitable globe. Then add to these the requisite allowance of wet-nurses and dry-nurses, in charge of such as can, and such as cannot walk for themselves; the due proportion (allowing nine little children to a family) of fathers, mothers, elder brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, to say nothing of independent spinsters and bachelor visitors—again, I assert, the number of the temporary population of Margate is incalculable! The salubrity of the place is unquestionable: yet I have heard doubts expressed concerning it, from the very circumstance of parents, who are blessed with more children than they know well what to do with, bringing or sending them there. The loss, however, of those 'future men and women,' (as they have been interestingly called), is small; for, including those that have accidentally dropped over the pier, fallen from the cliffs, or been lost out of bathing machines, it seldom exceeds, I am told, six hundred in a season. Margate is the classical resort of the citizens of London—the Baïæ of Cockney-land; and *badinage* apart, a very pleasant retreat from the close alleys and crowded thoroughfares of the vast and sleepless city it is. For drives, rides, and walks, as beautiful almost as are anywhere to be found,—for breezes which infuse health into the frame, and impart elasticity to the spirits,—for the temporary oblivion, which the very genius of the place seems to compel, of the cares and annoyances by which all are, more or less, beset: above all these, for the pleasure of contemplating a greater sense of human enjoyment, manifested by a larger number of happy, laughing faces, than any other place can, at any other time, exhibit,—they, I say, who would enjoy all this, must, once in its season, pay a visit to Margate.

[The Editor has a pleasing Poem, 'The Bird of the Canaries;' Ebenezer Elliott has also another. Miss Barrett, Miss Howitt, Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, and other poets, have some choice and delicious *morceaux*; and we cannot refrain from stealing the following beautiful lines:—]

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME.

By Caroline Bowles.

I MIND me of a pleasant time,—
 A season long ago,—
 The pleasantest I've ever known,
 Or ever now can know:
 Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills
 So merrily did chime;
 The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
 And I—was in my prime.

I've never heard such music since,
 From every bending spray,—
 I've never pull'd such primroses,
 Set thick on bank and brae,—
 I've never smelt such violets,—
 As, all that pleasant time,
 I found by every hawthorn root,
 When I was in my prime.

You moory down, so black and bare,
 Was gorgeous, then, and gay
 With gorse and gowan, blossoming
 As none blooms now-a-day:
 The blackbird sings but seldom now,
 Up there in the old time,
 Where, hours, and hours, he used to sing,
 When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then,
 To pierce one through and through;
 More softly fell the silent shower—
 More balmy the dew:
 The morning mist and evening haze—
 Unlike this cold grey rime—
 Seemed woven waves of golden air,
 When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so markish now—
 Were finely flavoured then;
 And hazel nuts! such clusters thick
 I ne'er shall pull again;—
 Nor strawberries, blushing wild, as rich,
 As fruits of sunniest clime:—
 How all is altered for the worse,
 Since I was in my prime!

Heath's Book of Beauty.

Edited by the Countess of Blessington, pp. 280.
 (London: Longman & Co.)

[LADY BLESSINGTON has displayed in this beautiful annual, her usual and well-known taste and talent. The following are the selected Beauties of whom there are portraits in the work,—the Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Stanhope; Viscountess Mahon; Lady Fanny Cowper; Mrs. Mountjoy Martin; Viscountess Valletort; Mrs. Verschoyle; Viscountess Fitzharris; Miss Hellen H. Purves; and Miss Cockayne. Among the very many pleasing productions, we have chosen the following fable by that talented and upright lawyer, Lord Abinger.]

At the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a people celebrated for wisdom, piety, and valour. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name. Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and by

famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abundance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement. Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriots, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studied "*disputandi causâ, non ita vivendi.*" They acknowledge nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge. They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the field by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when, ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning, and melted them from before him, they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure, and sought refuge in the temples dedicated to his worship, where they adored in silent awe, the surpassing splendour of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion: they felt conscious of an influence that could destroy as well as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable. Not with less reverence, but

with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labour, and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy. They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanctions of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and virtue. But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be disturbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise, till, like the blessed Virgin amongst the Papists, she began to rob the true deity of his worship, and her partizans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselytes increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of the blessings they had enjoyed for so many

years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience, nor capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intolérance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety as well as the happiness of men, depended on the moon; and a corresponding duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This they practised, chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the govern-

ment, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger; and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a small majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religions and all literature, but their own. They prohibited by law any worship but that of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun. No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrines. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that, notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship, and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon had neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before: on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens, who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transferred themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the late revolution. They showed to the people that, when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she

always touched it; that, when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established, they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist the enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them for ever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her, and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed into her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams. It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. They acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power, were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means. An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain; many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number which, by incredible exertion and

fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear that, if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the right, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums; for it is one of their most inveterate maxims,—that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong.

[In quoting Sir Lytton Bulwer's ode, we shall conclude:]

ODE TO A LEAFLESS TREE IN JUNE.

Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?

What hast thou done

To win strange winter from the summer air,

Frost from the sun?

Thou wert not churlish in thy palmer year,

Unto the herd;

Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,

Home to the bird.

And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,

Thy smiles were gay;

Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love

To the young May.

Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,

Around thee gleam;

Feaster and darling of the gilded things

That dwell 't the beam.

Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;

How lonely now!

How bird and bee, light parasites have fled

The leafless bough.

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?

What hast thou done

To win strange winter from the summer air,

Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest-hermit, lone,

(Old truth and endless!)

"Neyer for evil done, but fortune flown,

Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter, nor for storm,

Doth love depart;

We are not all forsaken, till the worm

Creeps to the heart!

"Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—

Can heal or hurt thee!

Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,

Who may desert thee!"

The Forget-me-not.

Edited by Frederick Shoberl, pp. 360 (London, Ackermann and Co.)

[We hail with sincere pleasure this unpretending Parent of all the London Annuals, for it abounds with well-written pieces by some of our most esteemed authors—Mrs. Abdy, Mary Howitt, Major Campbell, T. K. Hervey, &c. &c. It is difficult to select from such a store of wit and talent: but we have chosen the tale of "The Cornish Wrecker," ably written by Lieut. Johns.]

Deep was calling unto deep, the red lightning pointed like the finger of a destroying angel from out the thunder cloud, and the messenger of wrath revealed, amid the blackness of night, a doomed vessel contending with the breakers of a rocky shore. Rolling heavily, she ground her keel on the fatal reef that held her till the fires and winds of heaven and the rage of the foaming waves had done their worst, making a wreck of the good ship Planter, homeward-bound West Indian. The reader may, perhaps, tremble for the fate of the hapless mariners of that bark, even should they escape from "the hell of waters" that surrounds them, our scene being laid on a wild part of the coast of Cornwall, where a throng of suspicious-looking fishermen and gaunt miners crowd the beach. The vessel is fast going to pieces; every wave that passes over her washes from his clinging-hold some despairing wretch, whose life-grasp yields to the suction of the retreating waters. The Cornish wreckers, joined hand in hand, are in the breakers. The foremost of each line, supported by those behind him, grasps at the senseless forms tossed amid the surge, or casting a rope to the swimmer whose strength is failing him, they rob the sea of its prey. Ere the ship broke up a hawser had been passed to her, by which many of her crew and passengers were saved; and every fire of the neighbouring cottages had its crowd of these sufferers, when their companions in misfortune, rescued at a later period of the wreck, arrived. Divers are the rude efforts to arouse consciousness in the apparently dead, and with what joy is the return of animation hailed by the wives and children of the fishermen! The men, when they have deposited their burdens of suffering humanity, again repair to the beach; but now it is too evident that the sea no longer supports on its troubled wave aught of the victims of shipwreck but the swollen and mangled corse. The bale, the wine-cask, the shattered timber, and the broken spar, chests, crates, and cases, are dashed on the shore by the rushing tide, but no more of human life is there to be rescued. This night Sythney Cove has lost one of the boldest of its fishermen; and on the morrow a name will be called at the neighbouring

mine which will be answered only by the wail of the widow and the cry of the orphan. Two of the rescuers have perished. While a single human being was to be saved, bravely did the wreckers struggle with the waters; but now they conceive that they have won their reward, and truth obliges us to present a degraded picture of those who have as yet deserved our warmest approbation. A scene not less grotesque than picturesque is displayed on that shore. Boxes and packages are broken open; wearing apparel, and goods of divers kinds, are scattered on the beach. Fires are lighted, wine and spirit casks spilled; while men, and even boys, drink from buckets, hats, and shoes, till each puncheon has a group of noisy Bacchanals around it. Now come the galloping yeomanry, hastily called out; the excisemen, the custom-house officers, and their assistants, together with the posse comitatus of neighbouring gentry. After a few sharp contests with the wreckers, some little attention is ensured to the rights of property; and by daybreak, large piles of goods saved are heaped on the beach, guarded by the sailors of a revenue-cutter on the station, and the dismounted yeomanry. Such was the wreck of the Planter, West Indiaman, in the winter of 179--., on the coast of Cornwall. But we must leave for a while the crowded strand, and turn our attention towards a cottage, where an elderly matron and a fair girl, whose beauty would have graced a prouder dwelling, were awaiting the return of Hannibal Strike, who had been all night abroad. The woman, in her short cotton jacket, woollen petticoat, and check apron, looked well the fisher's wife, as she was impatiently gazing from the door into the early dawn, fancying every wayfarer that approached from the direction of the wreck him whom she sought; but a nearer view would convince her that she beheld not the stalwart form, gray head, and embrowned visage, of one of the boldest fishermen, the best of pilots, and withal the most determined wrecker, on that part of the coast, for such was the character of her husband. Scarcely less anxious than the expectant wife was her companion, though the poor girl could claim no other relationship with Hannibal than those kindred ties which arose out of gratitude on the one side, and generous protection on the other. Some ten years before our tale commences, a shop-keeper in the neighbouring town, with whom our fisherman occasionally dealt for groceries, whenever a lucky pilchard season or other speculation allowed of his treating his good dame with such luxuries, had died insolvent, leaving an orphan girl totally unprovided for. Strike was one of the last belonging to the neighbourhood who was informed of this occurrence; he happening to have been absent just then, ill-natured people declared not for the purpose of passing goods

through the custom-house, though several of the gentry within a few miles of Hannibal's abode, had requested him to leave in their back premises certain ankers of Scheidam, "any time after nightfall, at his earliest convenience." We do not mean to hold the fisherman up as an example of propriety to all the meddlers with salt water along the coast of England: though we will not allow shameless libels on the character of Cornishmen to go forth unrefuted, we must not hide the fact that our hero, in common with most of his friends and neighbours, was more than suspected of doing a little smuggling. Nevertheless, Hannibal was a warm-hearted kind fellow, who could not hear of distress without trying to relieve it, unless, indeed, underwriters were the afflicted parties: and he forthwith took possession of the only property the grocer left behind him, which the creditors did not covet, and brought home little Mary Harvey, as a playmate for his son, who was about four years her senior. Well was his charitable act rewarded, when this boy, grown a stripling of fourteen, abandoned the home of his youth, and went forth a reckless adventurer, leaving to the child of the stranger those duties of filial love and obedience which he so cruelly forgot. The cottage of Hannibal Strike was not more than a mile from the beach where the wreck of the merchantman had caused the scene we have attempted to describe. The fisherman, as usual, had been the first to save life, and the last to cease plundering that which the prejudice of custom led him to consider lawful spoil; and now, as morning dawned, little thinking of those at home anxious for his safety, he was watching a small box or case which, though sufficiently buoyant to be raised on the crest of the wave, would again provokingly become lost in the trough of the sea; now appearing as if the next breaker would cast it at his feet, and then swept away just as the wrecker thought the prize within his grasp. During the night more than once had Hannibal saved life at imminent peril to himself; he had afterwards secured about his person several valuables which chance had cast in his way: and then taken his share in the tussle with the authorities; and now, could he but obtain that tempting case, he had prudently determined to make the best of his way to his cottage. A huge roller at length dashed the wished-for treasure far on the beach; in an instant the wrecker seized it, and, placing it on his shoulders, commenced his retreat, congratulating himself that an abatement of the cliff had, as he thought, saved him from the observation of some sailors belonging to the cutter, then guarding a pile of goods about five hundred yards distant. Hannibal, however, had not proceeded far along the beach, when a rough grasp on his shoulder, and a blow from the flat of a cutlass, made him

drop his load; and turn on his assailants, who were no other than Mr. Smart, a revenue-officer, and Dick Stretcher, his coxswain. "Now, Hannibal Strike, you old vagabond! if I don't get you sent across the seas for this, never trust me!" cried the blustering official. "No sure, sir, you won't," doggedly replied the fisherman; "and, if it won't for them pistols, and that bit of bright iron, you shouldn't rob be of what the sea gave me. Faith and troth, you shouldn't. Arn't I saved two lives this blessed night? There's the old man up at the Dolphins; and the young vellow they thought was dead, and I dragged out of the wash of the waves—didn't Jan Pentreath tell me that his old 'oman and Gracy Dolcooth had brought un-to life again? Not that I care to tell 'ee what I've done—I only mean I've earned my right to what I've got; and more than that, I seed nobody laid hand on a thing while life was to be saved; and a wreck's a god-send to the coast; and so it was in my vayther's time, and his vayther's afore him." Smart responded to this plausible defence of wrecking with a sneer, ordered his coxswain to seize the case, and, coolly telling Hannibal he knew where to find him, would have walked off, but the old man caught him by the arm, and, as if reckless of consequences, said:—"Afore you go, Mr. Smart, first take a few words from Hannibal Strike. You say you know where to find me, please sure I believe 'ee do—case why?—you comes there for no good. But, whether you 'forms against me or no—if I see you a skulking about my door, trying to make a poor girl like my Mally forget her virtue, dang it if I don't make 'ee feel the weight of an old man's hand." The party addressed seemed to wince under the stern gaze of the wrecker, but at length broke away with an impatient oath at his impertinence, and an assurance that the vengeance of the law should reach him for his morning's work. He would have secured Hannibal on the spot, but two or three stragglers were approaching, and the revenue-officer, by a constant harsh exercise of his always unpopular duties, had few friends among the fishermen; thus he might calculate on being opposed rather than assisted by the new comers. Smart, who was a good-looking but unprincipled man, prided himself much on his intrigues. Long had he sought to lure Mary from the path of innocence, and his enmity to Hannibal Strike arose from the conviction that the honest counsel of the old man had been the cause of his having failed in his designs.

Mr. Mortram, the old gentleman at the Dolpin, dies; and old Hannibal is apprehended, and taken before the magistrate, on a charge of stealing the box, when it appeared that its owner was the young man old Hannibal saved from the wreck; and during the examination, his wife discovered

in this youth, their long-lost son, who had been found a poor friendless cabin-boy by the said Mr. Mortram, who took him to New York; educated him; and on account of his worth, adopted him. Hannibal was acquitted. And the youth married the innocent and lovely Mary Harvey.

[We next subjoin the two following poetical effusions:]

TO MY SISTER—ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTH-DAY,
By Miss M. A. Broune.

Thine eye is radiant still: thy silken hair
Curls just as darkly o'er thy radiant brow;
Still is thy cheek as soft, thy hand as fair,
Thy forehead was not smoother then than now,
And yet two years, two busy years, have past,
Sweet sister! since I sang thy birthday last.
Two changeful years! since then two hoary heads
Have from our home been pillowed in the grave,
And we have known full many an hour that sheds
A double darkness on life's troubled wave,
Friends have been cold, and fortune's sunshine brief;
Sister! those years have had their hours of grief.
And, saddest far, from our own chain of love,
One gentle sister of our hearts is taken,
No more her fairy footsteps round us move,
No more her smile a kindred smile doth waken;
She faded but as dew-drops fade—to rise,
And paint a rainbow in the gloomy skies.
Even so her spirit passed from earth, is yet
Seen like a star in its ethereal light,
And on the misty clouds of our regret,
Riseth Hope's bow of promise, pure and bright;
She hath departed for the holier sphere,
Mourn we, but never wish that she were here.
And I am changed, sweet sister,—even thou
Knowest not the waves of feeling and of thought,
That o'er my heart have passed in troubled flow,
And channels in its wilderness have wrought—
Suffice it that one spot unchanged I see,
The spot whereon is fixed my love for thee.
A love that changeth not, save as the young
And tender sapling, to the firm set tree;
Fresh branches from its stem there may have sprung,
Matured and deeper rooted it may be;
O that it might have power to grow and spread,
A three-fold shield above thy precious head!
Vain hope! thou hast a better shelter proved,
A changeless refuge from the heavy storm,
A shadow from the heat. He who hath loved,
And chosen, and saved thee, will His vows perform,
And bind thee in His sheltering mantle fast,
And bring thee to His glorious Home at last!

THE FAMILY ALTAR—A COTTAGE SCENE.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel,
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird
Which, timid, near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles; and the winds,
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world;
But, when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath, and heard the tramp
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,
Shining like winged jewelry, and drank
The healthful colour of the flowering trees

And bright-eyed violets—but, most of all,
When I beheld mild alumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow, the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul—I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength, to run
My weary race, lifting a thankful prayer
To Him who showed me some bright tint of Heaven,
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk,
And firmer compass Sin—and surer rise
From earth to Heaven.

Finden's Tableau of the Affections.

Edited by Miss Mary Russell Mitford, (London :
Tilt.)

[THIS "Series of Picturesque Illustrations of the Womanly Virtues," comes doubly welcome to us, recommended as it is by the name of its highly-talented author, Miss Mitford; who has enriched the work with a pleasing tale, called]

THE CARTEL.

"Gæler, look to him; tell not me of mercy."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Flee, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the peace and comfort—(why do I name such words,)—if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee—I implore thee, flee!—by that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned, and by that living blessing whom God in his mercy sent to compensate that mighty woe—by a father's hope and a father's duties, I conjure thee, flee! See, I am tall; the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine; thou needest but droop a little thy manly form, as if in grief: oh! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband! Thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee other than weeping? and thou wilt pass undiscovered. Or suffer me to arrange this hair, and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou not remember how often in our wooing days we have passed for brother and sister? How often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy comrades have been vaunting the delicate bloom of their blue-eyed maidens, that thou didst rather prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the rich south, than the dainty red and white of their rose-lipped beauties. Alas, it was the love in that eye that won thy heart. And canst thou now resist its appeal, now that love and life hang upon thy consent. Flee, my Isidore! if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise and flee!"

"And leave thee here to perish!"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live in calm and blissful life, in

safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away; away, then. I conjure thee! The patrol will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that André Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place.

"Dally no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be passed, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The Imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial-law as to challenge his superior officer, will yet full surely protect her favoured hand-maiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence,—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas! was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through thy love for me that thou art in prison? And wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adèle's garments, and having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful; but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adèle's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon. And in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon.

It was a right queenly chamber, was that boudoir into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly, and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroideress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sévres porcelain which crowded the marble tables; whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment.

Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady, who had just been admitted to her presence.

"Ma pauvre Adèle, I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your Majesty; he accomplished his escape in safety; and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious madam. He was my foster-brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor André, he at least will escape!"

"And after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated, as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin, Pauline de St. Brie, (your Imperial Majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance,) to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the general, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy challenge to a superior officer, which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the Minister at War, con-

stitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Vallaret, as much distressed as can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own misconduct. O! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed, or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him on whose word will lie the final sentence—the awful doom of life or death—oh! if he could know the provocation, the palliation,—he, that soul of honour, who holds his imperial consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown. How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom."

Here a slight movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adele's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a private study, and at a writing-table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a single-breasted green coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adele felt at once that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewn before him, and amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing—the challenge upon which his fate and her's depended.

The Emperor paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!" Five minutes before, Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and between habitual awe of her great master and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, Sire! pardon." Her voice died away, and had not a passion of tears come to relieve her she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used to light the wax-taper which stood in a richly-chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung into the brazier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the unhappy wife, and her sympathising mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty.

Perhaps, at this moment, his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel!

The Gift.

[THIS American Annual, (imported by Mr. Tilt, equals, in its embellishments and literary contributions, any of our English Annuals. The two following poetical pieces are highly creditable to our friends across the Atlantic:)]

SEVENTEEN.

By Mrs. C. Gilman.

In childhood, when my girlish eye
Glanced over life's unclouded green,
Thoughts undefined, and sweet, and new,
Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.
Restrained at twelve by matron care,
My walks prescribed, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air,
Seem'd circling over bright seventeen.
Thirteen arrived, but still my book,
My dress, were watch'd with aspect keen;
Secure on a novel might I look,
And balls—must wait for seventeen.
Fourteen allowed the evening walk,
Where friendship's eye illumed the scene,
The long, romantic bogom walk,
That talk which glanced at seventeen.
The next revolving circle brought
A quicker pulse, yet graver mien;
I read, I practised, studied, thought,
For what? To stop at seventeen.
Sixteen arrived, that witching year
When youthful hearts like buds are seen,
Ready to ope, when first appear
The genial rays of seventeen.
They came—have pass'd—think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw that magic screen;
But this I urge, fill well your heads,
And guard your hearts for seventeen.

HYMN IN HARVEST TIME.

By Charles West Thompson.

'Neath summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye,
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead, hearth, and forest tree.
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.
There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense from the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love.
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.
Our loaded wain comes winding home,
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade,
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away.
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around!

No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stir'd;
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide.
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

[From a number of excellent tales we select the following:—]

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel, the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, downright good man, that ever laboured six days, and rested on the Sabbath. You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate grey eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing; the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth; his down-sitting and up-rising; all of which appeared to be performed with conviction aforethought; in short, the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was, according to the tenor of the military order, "to the right-about face, forward, march!" Now, if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there. It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head. Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his Family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw: and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a wind-mill all the way. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God much, but honoured and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to

be more exact still. Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end. There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room," with its sanded floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand, with the great bible and almanack on it, in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the 1st of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practice either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total. This Aunt Betsey, aforementioned, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to, everything; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever had before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma, until he had arrived at the age of *indiscretion*, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities, such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him, whether it was "*Sabba-day*," or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with everybody, and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this spark-

ling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half-an-hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put everything that came in his way. But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining. "Edward, Edward, must not play Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "best room," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority. At last my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsy was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went from "man's chief end" to "the commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home, inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen." After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But, alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came, when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing; he only stayed by his bedside day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity. "Can't you think of anything more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when everything had been tried in vain. "Nothing," answered the

physician. A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he. Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep. "Oh, dear! oh, I am so sick!" He gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile. Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. "There goes pussy," said he: "oh, dear, I shall never play with pussy any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life." My uncle laid him down, and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept." The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose "with breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom." Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him, at family prayers, bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendour of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble." My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door. The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicing about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree, and

then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering, just as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth,—"How happy that creature is! well, the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to dust amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise, and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

Early Almanacs.

[We have extracted the two following articles from the "Companion to the Almanack," for 1839—a work particularly rich this year in the most useful information:—]

The early history of almanacs is involved in much obscurity. The Egyptians, indeed, possessed instruments answering most of the same purposes: but the log calendars are the most ancient almanacs, properly so called. Verstegan derives their name from a Saxon origin, viz., *al-mon-acht*, or the observation of all the moons, that being the purpose for which they were originally made: an eastern origin would appear to me to be more probable. They are doubtless of high antiquity, and, if we can be guided by the errors of the more modern ones in their ecclesiastical computation, we might refer them to the second or third century. Gruter has delineated one at Rome, and which is said to have been used by the Goths and Vandals: this was cut in elm, though most are in box, and some few in fir, brass, horn, &c. Each of these calendars contains four sides, for the four quarters of the year, and gives the golden numbers, epacts, dominical letter, &c. The numerical notation is imperfect but curious; dots are put for the first four digits, a mark similar to the Roman numeral V, for five; this mark, and additional dots for the next four, and the algebraical sign + for ten. Specimens of these logs may be seen in the British Museum; and, as they are not uncommon, it is unnecessary to enter into further detail.

Before I commence with written almanacs, it will be necessary to remark the distinction between astronomical and ecclesiastical calendars, the first of which contain astronomical computations, and the other lists of saints' days, and other matters relative to the church; sometimes, indeed, both are found united, although the latter claim a higher antiquity, being prefixed to most ancient Latin manuscripts of the Scriptures.

The folding calendars were, perhaps, the

most ancient forms of them, and merit particular attention. Several of these are in the British Museum, and at Oxford; one of them was written in the year 1430, and is in English; but the writer confesses his inability to find suitable expressions for the technical terms which were derived for the most part from the Arabic, "for defawte of terms conveynent in our moder language." In the Pepysian library at Cambridge there is one printed by Wynkin de Worde, in octo-decimo, which, in its original form, folds up from a small folio sheet of vellum; it bears the date of 1523.

The standard almanacs emanated from Oxford, the seat of British science throughout the middle ages: in fact, before Newton's time, Cambridge was a blank, and the only scientific names that cheer the pages of the history of its early literature are Holbrooke of St. Peter's College, Buckley of King's, and Dee of St. John's; the first known by his astronomical tables, the second by a plagiarism of a method of extracting the roots of fractions from Robert Record, and the third a memorable instance of one of the greatest men of his time, uniting the pure truths of science with the grossest absurdities. All three were astrologers, owing, perhaps, more to the place of their education than to the individuals themselves.

There has been some dispute relative to the authenticity of Roger Bacon's calendar, of which there is a MS. in the British Museum: the following is an exact transcript of the commencement:—

"*Kalendarium sequens extractum est a tabulis tholetanis. anno domini. 1292. factus ad meridiem civitatis tholeti que in Hispania scita est cujus meridianus non multum distat a maridiano medii puncti Hibernie in quo. 3. continentur.*" f. 2.

If we retain *factus*, it cannot be translated, but, fortunately, the other MS. at Oxford has *factum*, and this must evidently be the true reading. Professor Peacock writes *factis*; but there is not, as far as I know, any MS. authority for it. With respect to the author of it, the Bodleian MS., in a coeval rubric, states the calendar to have been written *à fratre Rogero Bacon*; while the Cotton MS. not having any original title, is ascribed to Roger Bacon, in a hand of the 17th century: both of the MSS. belong to the 14th century. In the Harleian collection (No. 941) is a MS. on the length of the days throughout the year, stated to have been "made at Oxynforde be the new kalendere and proved in all the university:" this "new kalendere" may possibly refer to Roger Bacon's; but there are not sufficient data to enable us to attain an approach to certainty.

The calendar of John Somers, of Oxford, written in 1380, was one of the most popular of the time: there is generally appended to

it, *Tabula docens algorismum legere, cujus utilitas est in brevi satis spatio numerum magnum comprehendere. Et quia numeri in kalendario positi vix excedunt sexaginta, ultra illam summam non est protensa.* Several English translations of this tract are among the Ashmolean MSS.

We have likewise in MS. "Almanach Proficii Judei," which is very ancient. Walter de Elvendene wrote a calendar in 1327, and Nicholas de Lynna published another in 1386. Sometimes these calendars are found in rolls.

In the library at Lambeth Palace is a very curious calendar in the English language, written in 1460: at the end is a table of eclipses from 1460 to 1481; but a very perfect volvelle is most worthy of notice, because these instruments are generally found imperfect. In the Cottonian collection is another English calendar, written about 1450, but so much damaged by the fire that the nature of it cannot be seen. In Trinity College, Cambridge, there is a MS. said to have been composed in 1347, and entitled, 'An Almanak, translated in perpetuite, out of Arbike into Latin; and in the same library I find 'The Effemerides of John of Mounte Riol,' a German "Prince of Astronomers." Professor Leslie mentions a very beautiful calendar in the library of the university of Edinburgh, with the date of 1482: he does not appear to be aware that they were common in MS. libraries, and he greatly overrates its value.

There was printed at Hackney, in 1812, a small octavo volume, containing an account of an English almanac for the year 1386: it contains a very large portion of astronomical and medical matter, but appears to be of little interest, save that it is the earliest one in English I have ever heard of. The contents of this calendar are as follows:—

1. The houses of the planets and their properties.
2. The exposition of the signs.
3. Chronicle of events from the birth of Cain.
4. In 1325 there was a "grete hungur" in England; in 1333 a great tempest; in 1349 the first, in 1361 the second, and in 1369 the third pestilence: It is curious to remark the clumsy method of expressing numbers consisting of more than two figures: for instance, we have 52mcc20 put for 52,220. This shows that the Arabic notation was even then but imperfectly understood among the people.
5. To find the prime numbers.
6. Short notes on medicine.
7. On blood-letting.
8. A description of the table of the signs, and moveable feasts.
9. Quantitates diei artificialis.

The extracts from this calendar are wretchedly transcribed, and evidently by one who was totally unacquainted with MSS.

The clock or albion of Richard de Walingford, of St. Alban's, answered the purpose of a calendar. This clock made, says Bale, who appears to have seen it, *magno labore, majore sumptu, arte vero maxima*, was considered the greatest curiosity of its time. In his account of it, which still remains in manuscript, we have the following definitions:—"Albion est geometricum instrumentum: almanac autem arismetrium." Peter Lightfoot's celebrated astronomical clock at Glastonbury may have been something of the same sort.

Peter de Dacia, about 1300, published a calendar, of which there is a very early MS. in the Savilian library at Oxford: the "conditiones planetarum" are thus stated—

"Jupiter atque Venus boni, Saturnusque malignus;
Sol et Mercurius cum Luna sunt mediocres."

The "homo signorum," so common in later calendars, probably originated with him.

The earliest almanac printed in England was the "Sheepeheard's Kalender," translated from the French, and printed by Richard Pynson, in 1497. It contains a vast portion of extraneous matter. The following verses on the planets will, at the same time, give a good idea of the nature of the astrological information in this and other calendars of the period:—

"Some hot, some colde, some moyst, some dry,
If three be good, foure be worse at the most.
Saturne is hyest and coldest, being full old,
And Mars, with his bluddy swerde, ever ready to
kyl;
Jupiter very good, and Venus maketh lovers glad,
Sol and Lune is half good and half ill.
Mercury is good and will verily,
And hereafter shalt thou know,
Whiche of the seven most worthy be,
And who reigneth hye, and who a lowe;
Of every planets propertie,
Which is the best among them all,
That causeth welth, sorrowe, or sinne,
Tarry and heare some thou shalt,
Speake softe, for now I begiune."

Afterwards follow some prognostications of the weather. The following method "to knowe what wether shall be all the yere after the change of every moone by the prime dayes," is taken from a MS. in Lambeth Palace:—

"Sondaye pryme, drye wether.
Mondaye pryme, moyst wether.
Tuesdaye pryme, cold and wynde.
Wednesdaye pryme, marvelous,
Thursdaye pryme, sounne and clere.
Frydaye pryme, fayre and fowle
Saturday pryme, rayne."

Prognostications of the weather were early matters of reproach—

"Astronomers also are at ere whittes ende,
Of that was cauleed of the clymat the cuntry thei
fyndeth."

And in Heber's library was a little tract of three leaves, entitled 'A Mery Prognostication.'—

"For the yere of Chryste's incarnacyon,
A thousande fyve hundredth fortye and foure.
This to prognosticate I may be bolde,
That what the new yere is come, gone is the olde."

Henry VIII. issued a proclamation against such false prognostications as this tract was intended to ridicule, but still no printer ventured to put his name to it. Not long after to believe them was a crime; "as for astrological and other like vaine predictions or abodes," says Thomas Lydiat, "I thanke God I was never addicted to them."

Johannes de Monte-Regio, in 1472, composed the earliest European almanac that issued from the press; and, before the end of that century, they became common on the Continent. In England they were not in general use until the middle of the sixteenth century. Most of the best mathematicians of the time were employed in constructing them; but, before the end of the following century, almanac-makers began to form a distinct body, and, though they often styled themselves "studentes in the artes mathematica," very few of them were at all celebrated in the pure sciences.

It may not be wholly irrelevant here to make some few observations on the memory-rhymes found in some almanacs of the present day, and which date their origin to a much earlier period. The well-known lines, used by many for recalling to their recollection the number of days in each month, I find in Winter's Cambridge Almanac for 1635, under the following slightly-varied form—

"April, June, and September,
Thirty daies have as November;
Ech month else doth never vary,
From thirty-one, save February;
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on Leap-year, then twenty-nine."

And the nursery-rhymes, commencing "Multiplication is my vexation," were certainly made before 1570.

The early history of ecclesiastical computation is intimately connected with that of calendars. Dionysius Exiguus was one of the first who wrote on the subject: after him, Bede, Gerlandus, Alexander de Villa Dei, and Johannes de Sacro-Bosco, were the most celebrated. The Massa Compositi of Alexander de Villa Dei, so common in MS., is perhaps the most singular tract on the subject that has come down to us: his reason for the title of the book is exceedingly curious:—*Sicut de multis laminis aeris in confinatorio massa una efficitur, ideo librum istum vocari volui massam compoti.*

I cannot conclude without mentioning the 'Almanac and Prognostication' of Leonard Digges, which was so often reprinted in the latter half of the sixteenth century: it is filled with the most extravagant astrological absurdities, and a table of weather predictions. With respect to the latter, however, I have had the curiosity to test its accuracy for some months in comparison with our two celebrated weather almanacs, and, on the average, have found it to be quite as "neare the marke" as either of them.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

THE number of these institutions on the 20th of November, 1837, was 408:—in England, 398; Scotland, 9; Wales, 23; and Ireland, 78. In the twenty years ending November, 1837, the sum of 9,558,060*l.* has been paid to the trustees of Savings' Banks and Friendly Societies for interest on deposits and other charges. The amount received, during the same period, from dividends on stock or other public securities in which Savings' Banks deposits were invested, has been 8,073,963*l.*, making a difference of 1,484,096*l.* in the course of twenty years, or about 74,000*l.* on an annual average—a sacrifice on the part of the public which is well repaid by the encouragement afforded by Savings' Banks and other provident establishments to habits of economy and foresight. It is impossible on looking at the first Table not to be struck with the rapid increase in the number of depositors under 20*l.* since the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act. In the three years ending November, 1834, the addition to this class was 28,331, while in the three subsequent years it has been 73,194. The improved system has not only supplied motives of economy, but it has afforded the means of accumulating small sums to the humbler classes generally to a greater extent than was enjoyed by them before the amendment commenced. Mr. Tufnell's Report to the Poor Law Commissioners on the Kent and East Sussex Unions presents many facts showing that the sum saved in poor's rate is expended in labour, and labour having become more productive in proportion as the labourers were emancipated from the thralldom of the parish, more than the amount saved in rates has been paid in wages. A farmer in the Battle Union paid, on the average of two years preceding the formation of the Union, 695*l.* each year for labour, and for the two years subsequent to that change 810*l.*, being an increase of 115*l.* for labour. His poor's rate had been diminished from 198*l.* to 86*l.*, showing a saving of 112*l.* as the result of the amended administration of the law, and he had consequently expended 3*l.* more in labour than had been saved by the poor-rate. In another case, the sum paid in labour had increased from 793*l.* to 894*l.* a-year; in a second from 792*l.* to 930*l.*; in a third from 700*l.* to 762*l.* The old system was so deeply injurious to the farmers as to involve many of them in debt, and they are now employing the means which the diminution of poor's rates places in their hands for reducing their incumbrances; but even under these circumstances the benefit to the labourer is nearly the same. The increase of members of Friendly Societies is also a gratifying indication, and may also be chiefly traced to the effects of the Poor Law. A reference to the first table shows the progress of these institu-

tions since 1830. Mr. Tufnell (p. 221 of his Report) gives the number of members of two societies in Kent, and one in Sussex, for the last two years, from which it appears that one society had for the three years preceding 1835 an average number of 56 members, which had been increased to 70 in the three following years, the number in 1837 being 98. One of the societies in Kent had 365 members on an average of the years 1832-34, which had been increased to an average of 417 for the three following years, the number of members being 478 in 1837. The other society had 533 members in 1834, and 770 in 1837. In 1834 the amount deposited in sums under 20*l.* by Friendly Societies in Savings' Banks in Kent was 94,918*l.*, and in those of Sussex, 45,897*l.*; and in 1837 they had respectively increased to 110,156*l.* and 51,409*l.* These two were counties which had been most deeply immersed in pauperism.

The Biadern.

[This is truly a delightful book for the Boudoir; it is full of sweets, and ably edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan. We extract the following from among many others equally pleasing.]

THOUGHTS IN SICKNESS.

By Lord John Manners.

I know not how it is—but man ne'er sees
The glory of this world, it's streams and trees,
It's thousand forms of beauty, that delight
The soul, the sense, and enliven the sight.—
So lo! as laughing health concludes to stay
And charm the traveller on his joyous way.

No! Man can ne'er appreciate this earth
Which he hath lived, and joyed in, from his birth,
Till pain or sickness from his sight removes
All that in health he valued not, yet loses:
Then, then it is he learns to feel the ties
Of earth, and all its sweetest sympathies.

Then he begins to know how fair, how sweet
Were all those flowers that bloomed beneath his feet;
Then he confesses that, before, in vain
The wild-flowers blossomed on the lowly plain;
Then he remembers that the lark would sing,
Making the heavens with her music ring,
And he, unmindful, never cared to hear
Her tuneful oisons at day-break clear.
While all the glories that enrich this earth
Crowd on his brain, and magnify its worth,
Till truant fancy quits the couch of pain
To rove in health's gay fields and woods again!
But when some pang his wandering sense recalls,
And chains the sufferer to his prison walls,
What to his misery adds a sharper sting,
And plumes the features on Affliction's wing?
What but the thought that, in his hour of health,
He slighted these for glory, power, or wealth?
And oh! how trivial, when compared with these,
Seem all the pleasures which are said to please!

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